

Draw

EVERY FORTNIGHT 26th DECEMBER to 3rd JANUARY 1983

OINK!

N.44

BEASTIE
BEHAVIOUR IN
OUR HIP-HOP
HOGMANAY
ISSUE!

35p

Australia \$1.00 New Zealand \$1.20 (inc.G.S.T.) Malaysia \$1.90



PULL-OUT 'ROBBISHMAN' POSTER INSIDE!

the Secret Diary of Adrian Mole - Aged 8½ (years)

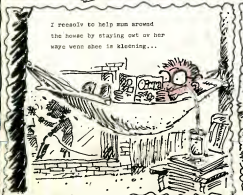
New year is the time for resolutions. This year I am going to maybe ones that I can hope...

I resolve to help tutor Ntson hope him by not sharing ni fude with him...



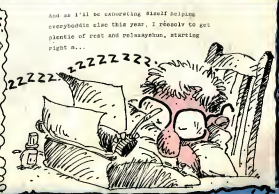
I resolve to help run around the house by staying out or near ways went shoe in cleaning...

I resolve to help my busbees sister's edkayshun, by teaching her to do my homework for me...



I resolve to help dad get plesy or exercise, especerly during the winter sledging season...

And as I'll be catovering itself helping everybodie else this year, I resolve to get plenty of rest and relaxation, starting right n...

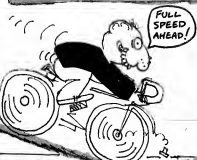


HORACE (ugly face) WATKINS

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE APPROACHED THE WATKINS' HOUSEHOLD... HE WAS UP TO NO GOOD...



NEXT DAY... HORACE, NIP TO THE SHOP FOR SOME BREAD, WILL YOU?



FULL SPEED AHEAD!



AARGH!



YOU KNOW SON, YOU WERE VERY LUCKY THERE!

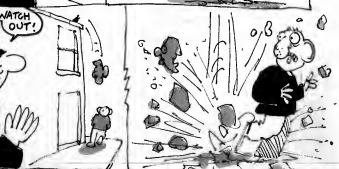


LATER...

GRRRR!



O! SON! WATCH OUT!



YOU KNOW, YOU WERE VERY LUCKY AGAIN THERE, SON!



WATCH OUT, SON!



YOU KNOW... I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT...



WHAT A DAY! TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME. EH? WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



WAH! THOSE BARRELS HAVE FALLEN OFF THAT TRUCK!



WHAT NEXT, I WONDER?



AARRGH! THESE VICIOUS GUARD DOGS HAVE ESCAPED! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



PHEW! HOME AT LAST! SAFE AND... OH, NO! I FORGOT THE BREAD!

WHO'S AFTER HORACE? WHY? WHEN? WHAT? WHODUNNIT? YOU??? TO BE CONTINUED!!

Mary Lighthouse (CRITIC)



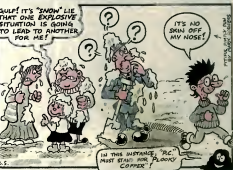
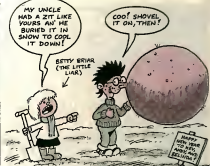
DEAR NEWSAGENT, Please reserve me a copy of the new, even cheaper, weekly issue of 30p OINK.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SIGNATURE OF PARENT / GUARDIAN _____

NASAL NEW YEAR NUTTINESS WITH...





HE WAS A YOUNG, FACELESS NAME AN ANGRY, STATISTIC, A STARVED FUGITIVE, A BROKEN CARBITY OF THE SEARING FACE OF 'ECONOMIC GROWTH'....



HE'D BEEN TOLD THE BIG CITY'S STREETS WOULD BE PAVED WITH GOLD! NO-ONE HAD SAID HE'D HAVE TO SLEEP ROUGH ON THEM, THOUGH....

ALL HE NEEDED WAS A HELPING HAND....



...IT SEEMED LIKE HIS TROUBLES WERE OVER...



...BUT THE NIGHTMARE HAD ONLY BEGUN.



"MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME" HAD SAID THE TALL STRANGER...



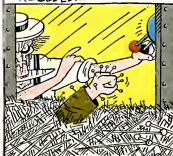
...WELCOME TO YOUR TOMB!" HAD SAID JIMMY THE CLEAVER!



PINS! THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF PINS RAINED DOWN UPON THE PRONE YOUNG STRAGGLER!



THE SPLINTERED PAIN RECEDED....



...BUT HE DAREN'T MOVE A MUSCLE NOR TWITCH AN EYELID FOR THE PROBING BARBS THAT BECLOAKED HIM.

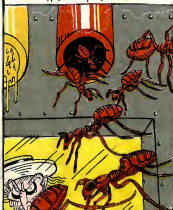
HONEY.



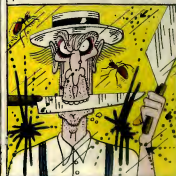
HONEY?

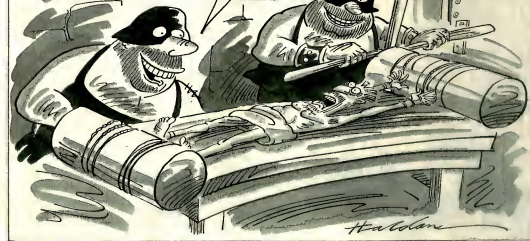


DON'T RED ANTS LIKE HONEY?



JIMMY THE CLEAVER!! SHOULD HE CATCH YOU JUST PRAY THAT HE MAKES YOU INTO A PORK PIE!!





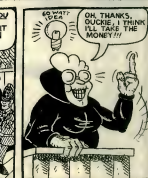
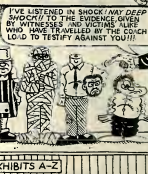
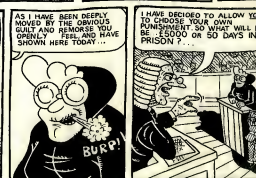
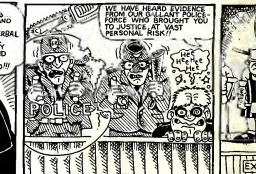
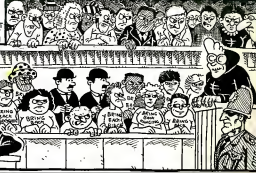
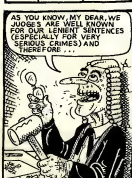
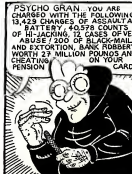
TRANSMOGRIFYING TRACY

SHE CAN CHANGE INTO ANY OBJECT AT ALL!

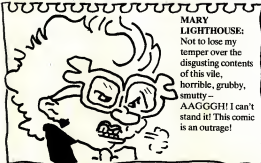


PSYCHO GRAN

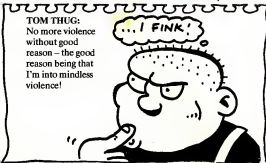
TRIAL REPORT
HARRY TAP
COURTROOM SKETCHES: D. LEACH



NUITY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



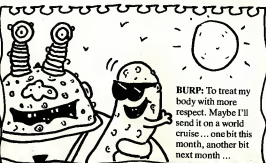
MARY LIGHTHOUSE:
Not to lose my temper over the disgusting contents of this vile, horrible, grubby, smutty - AAGGGH! I can't stand it! This comic is an outrage!



TOM THUG:
No more violence without good reason - the good reason being that I'm into mindless violence!



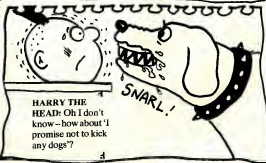
ROGER RENTAL:
To wear much more custard in my trilby this year - or die in the attempt!



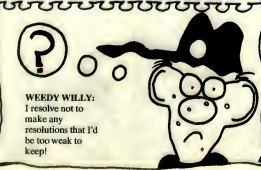
BURP: To treat my body with more respect. Maybe I'll send it on a world cruise... one bit this month, another bit next month...



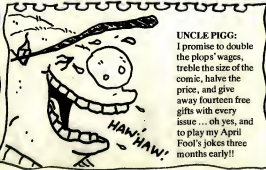
HORACE WATKINS:
To wear a mask, so as not to frighten passers-by.



HARRY THE HEAD: Oh I don't know - how about 'I promise not to kick any dogs'?



WEEDY WILLY:
I resolve not to make any resolutions that I'd be too weak to keep!



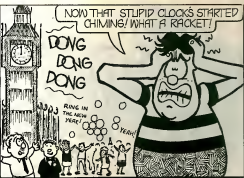
UNCLE PIGG:
I promise to double the plops' wages, treble the size of the comic, and give away fourteen free gifts with every issue... oh yes, and to play my April Fool's jokes three months early!!



BILLY BANG
HE EXPLODES WITH RAGE WHEN HE'S REALLY ANGRY!



I HATE THESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS! ALL THIS STUPID DANCING!
YAHOO! 1988 HERE WE COME!



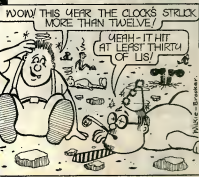
NOW THAT STUPID CLOCK'S STARTED CHIMING! WHAT A RACKET!
DONG DONG DONG
RING IN THE NEW YEAR!
YEAH!



NOW THEY'RE SINGING AULD LANG SYNE! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!
SINGING AULD LANG SYNE BE FORGOTTEN!



BANG!



NOW! THIS YEAR THE CLOCKS STRUCK MORE THAN TWELVE!
YEAH - IT HIT AT LEAST THIRTY OF US!



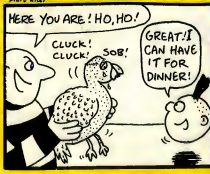
HARRY THE CARNIVORE HEAD



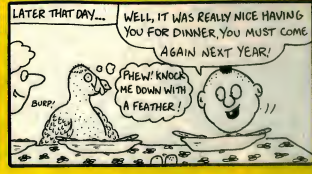
NEW YEAR'S DAY...
SAY, HARRY! LISTEN UP! YOU KNOW THAT RAFFLE TICKET YOU BOUGHT OFF ME LAST WEEK!
ER, YEAH!



YOURS WAS DRAWN! YOU'VE WON A TURKEY!
GREAT!



HERE YOU ARE! HO, HO!
CLUCK! CLUCK! SOB!
GREAT! I CAN HAVE IT FOR DINNER!



LATER THAT DAY...
WELL, IT WAS REALLY NICE HAVING YOU FOR DINNER, YOU MUST COME AGAIN NEXT YEAR!
PHEW! KNOCK ME DOWN WITH A FEATHER!
BURP!

RUBBISHMAN'S NEW YEAR PARTY

GOT YOU, VILE ALIEN!

LOOK OUT! GATE-CRASHERS FROM ZOOTOWN!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

GOT YOU.
VILE ALIEN!

JINGS! HADDOCK
MAN'S BEATIN' UP
MA BAGPIPES!

WHO INVITED CHEWING GUM

LOOK OUT!
GATE-CRASHERS
FROM ZOOTOVN!

I'M BEING ATTACKED BY
A PSYCHOPATHIC DRAUGHT
EXCLUDER!

SLURP!

YOU CAN COME
OUT NOW, FROZEN-
CHICKEN-MAN.
CHRISTMAS IS OVER!

SORRY,
CRACKER-
MAN...

DOER!

TURKEY-MAN
FELL ASLEEP
IN THE KITCHEN
AND I THINK
I'VE JUST MADE
HIM INTO RISsoles.

I'VE JUST
ARRESTED
PAPER-BAG
MAN FOR
RUSTLING!

I'M NO PARTY POOPER. I'VE PROMISED NOT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT!

HELLO! JUST
PLOPPED IN FOR
A MINUTE!

RUBBISH GIRL WITH
MISTLETOE? I'D RATHER
KISS THE SEWER CREATURE
FROM PLANET SLOPP!

DID YOU COME HERE
BY BUS?

NO, I CAME HERE
BY FRYING SAUCER!

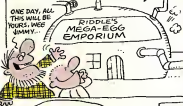
Oi! DO YOU
MIND?

GROW/R

QUIET YOU LOT!
SOME OF US ARE
TRYING TO GET
SOME SLEEP IN
THIS COMIC: -

A HOOT for HOGMANAY! THE TALE of WEE JIMMY RIDDLE

WEE JIMMY RIDDLE WAS THE HEIR TO THE MIGHTY SCOTCH EGG EMPIRE RUN BY HIS FATHER IN THE TOWN OF DUN-BEE-TLE-IN-THE-MATCHBOX.



JIMMY FOUND HE WAS NOW IN CHARGE OF HIS FAMOUS FOOD FACTORY.

MINE! ALL MINE!

... BUT THE RECIPE FOR MEGA-MEAT-FREE SCOTCH EGGS PASSED AWAY WITH HIS FATHER.



AT MIDNIGHT, HE COULD HEAR THE TERRIFYING CRY OF THE PHANTOM HAGGIES! ... IT SEEMED HIS VISAGE TRAPPED BEHIND THE ICY DEPTHS OF THE FROZEN LOCH!!



UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS NOT THE SAME PHANTOM HAGGIES AS THE ONE WHO HELPED JIMMY'S FATHER, AND THE NEW RECIPE FOR MEAT-FREE SCOTCH EGGS CAUSED WIDESPREAD FOOD POISONING!



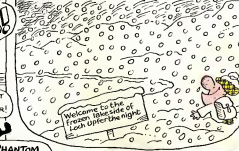
FOLLOWING A NASTY ACCIDENT AT THE HIGHLAND GAMES, WHEN A STRAY CABER HIT JIMMY'S FATHER INTO THE CEREMONIAL VAT OF SIX-YEAR-OLD PORRIDGE...



RUMMAGING THROUGH THE OLD FACTORY RECORDS, WEE JIMMY DISCOVERED THAT HIS FATHER HAD BEEN TOLD THE RECIPE BY THE LEGENDARY PHANTOM HAGGIES OF LOCH UPPERTHENIGHT!



THAT WINTER, TREADING THROUGH MILES OF DEEP SNOW IN HIS ELECTRICALLY-HEATED THERMAL KILT, JIMMY REACHED THE FROZEN LAKE SIDE OF LOCH UPPERTHENIGHT...



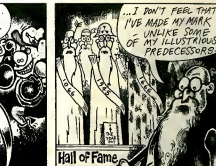
FEAR NOT, PHANTOM HAGGIES! I SHALL THROW YOU FROM THIS FROZEN LOCH BY MAKING A BONFIRE FROM MY COLLECTION OF BILLY CONNOLLY T-P.S. WHICH I ALWAYS CARRY IN CASE OF SUCH EMERGENCIES!



... SO JIMMY HAD TO RUN OFF AND HIDE IN WALES, AND CHANGE HIS NAME TO GWYNNE FORRALEEK, FOR SAFETY! THUS PROVIDING THE OLD MOTO...



AS 1987 DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE... OLD FATHER TIME LOOKS BACK AND REFLECTS



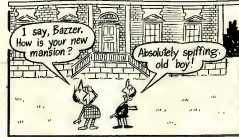
STILL - IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT AT THIS LATE HOUR.



SHORT-SIGHTED GORDON - THE TRAFFIC WARDEN!



BARRINGTON BOSH he's incredibly POSH.



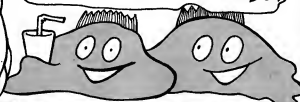
GRUNTS

OINK!, P.O. Box 35, Hyde, Cheshire, SK14 5NB, England.

EVERY READER MENTIONED
WINS A PIGGY PRIZE -
AND THERE'LL BE WINNERS
EVERY WEEK IN '88!

WAHEY!!!!

IT'S A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR EVERYONE
EXCEPT SPOILSPORTS LIKE MARY
LIGHTHOUSE !! WE'RE CELEBRATING 'CAUSE
THE NEXT ISSUE OF OINK!' WILL BE
ON SALE ON JANUARY 8th AND
AFTER THAT 'OINK!' WILL BE OUT
EVERY WEEK !!!
DON'T FORGET - 'OINK!' GOES
WEEKLY IN 1988! ONLY **30p**



BABY BLUNDER?

In OINK! 12, Hadrian Vile explained that his sister had an 'Akweritum' [big fish bowl]. How can this be true if Hadrian's sister has only just been born in OINK! 37? - **Nigel Organ, Plymouth.**

It didn't belong to baby Bibi Vile, but to Hadrian's older sister, Sue [who has now moved away from the Vile household to study at college]. More fascinating facts like these will be yours to read every 7 days, when OINK! goes weekly. - **Uncle Pigg.**

RAASP!



RASHER RADIO?

DO THEY MEAN HOGS!

★ TOP DJ Derek Jameson hummed it up last night after listening his chirpy radio chatter and scathing music puns pigg in the mood for love!

★ Agriculture buffin Dr Morris Sashbrook, of Nottingham, has found that Radio Two's award-winning sound hits just the right note to get frisky pig producing piglets.

Derek Jameson??
Rubbish!! The best thing for putting pigs in a good mood is to let them read the fun-filled swill-national features in OINK! every single week!
- **Uncle Pigg**

From The Sun, sent by Margaret Hollowell, Northants.

My favourite features in this issue of OINK! [which is soon going weekly] are ...

1 _____ 3 _____
2 _____ I dislike _____

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON [OR A COPY OF IT] WHEN YOU WRITE TO UNCLE PIGG - HOW ELSE WILL WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE IN OINK! WEEKLY?

TWO PAGES OF GOOD NEWS FOR PIG-PALS!

PIG-PACK MEMBER NO.
11,915
WRITE TO
UNCLE PIGG
TO CLAIM A
PIGGY PRIZE!



PROPORTUNITY KNOCKS FOR THIS LUCKY PIG-PAL, AND THERE'LL BE A LUCKY-NUMBER-WINNER DRAWN EVERY WEEK IN 1988!!! DOUBLE YOUR FUN WITH OINK!

PIGGY POPSTERS!

Don't forget! You'll have twice as many chances to see my readers' crazy drawings in 1988!!

Bob Smelldof



by Matthew Hill, Kingswinford.

Terence Trott D'Arby



by Neil Dobbin, Bristol.

Pong Peel



by Richard Huff, Brighton.

ADVERTISEMENT

A RAPPIN' RHYME FROM A RIGHT-ON READER!

Sarah Cohen of Ealing sent us this great poem!

Mary Lighthouse is a pain! She doesn't really have a brain! She doesn't think that OINK! is brill! She doesn't like the taste of swill! But I think that OINK! is the best, and Mary Lighthouse is a pest.

I AGREE, SHE IS A DRAG, BUT DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT OLD BAG,
♪ ♪ LET'S CELEBRATE IN '88 ♪ ♪
OINK!'S GOING WEEKLY—
AIN'T LIFE GREAT!?



Runny +MC

HMMPH! NOT REALLY. YOU PLOPPY PERFORMER!



Mary Lighthouse, Critic. →

JOKES FOR PRANKSTERS

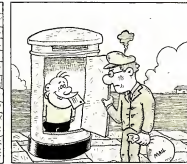
Free Catalogue packed with jokes, pop and football bargains.

Whoopie Cushion, Cold Face Soap, War Bombs, Joke Teeth, Slime, Spiders, Snakes, Magic Ink, Bitching Powder, Soap Sweets, Hot Sweets, Blue Mouth Sweets, Joke Tea Bags, Squeeters, Volcanic Sugar, Wet Jokes, Bang Jokes, Magic Tricks, Masks, Joke Cub details, big savings, free badge and gift! (Over 300 jokes, pop and football novelties to choose from, many under 20p.

Send 13p stamp with your name and address for bumper catalogue and free gift to

Joke Shop by POST (Dept. KO)
167 Winchester Road,
Bristol BS4 3NJ

GREEDY GORB - HE'D EAT ANYTHING!



MISTER BIGNOSE



IT'S A NEW YEAR, READERS AND IT'S CALLED 1988



IT IS BUT A WHISPERED PROMISE FOR NOW, BUT WE'LL SURELY GROW TO LOVE IT AS WE LEARN TO KNOW OF ITS FUNNY WAYS AND QUIRKY LITTLE MANNERISMS AND TASTES...

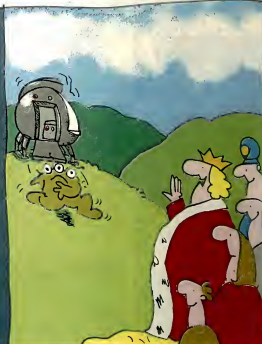


BUT WHERE WAS THIS INFANT PRODIGY HUNDRED YEARS AGO TODAY?

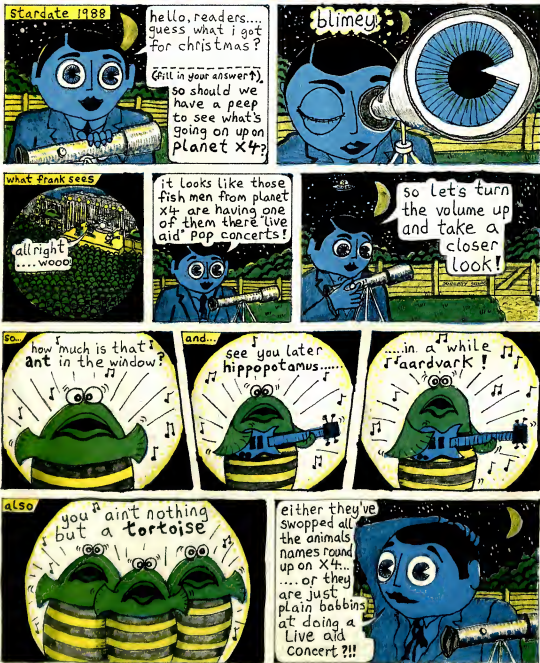


BANK

—CLOSER ENCOUNTERS!—



frank's telescope

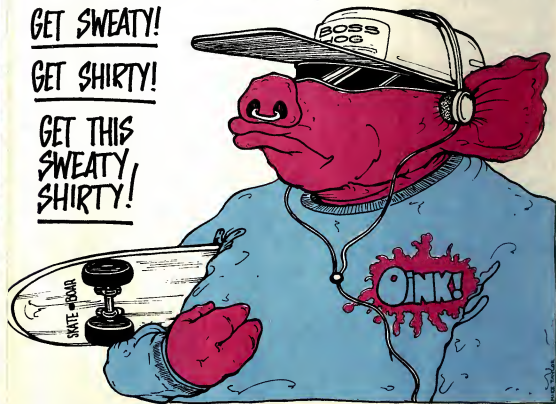


BE A HIP HOG WITH THIS SWILL SWEAT SHIRT!

GET SWEATY!

GET SHIRTY!

GET THIS
SWEATY
SHIRTY!



Yo! Hip Hogs! Get smart with this swine-ishly stylish sweat-shirt. Splashed in porky-pink with the 'designer' Oink! logo, this fab gear is 100% piggy perfect. It's cool for cats, dogs, hamsters and any other pets you want to buy one for! This exclusive item cannot be bought elsewhere, so raid your piggy banks and send your money along in a stamped addressed envelope to me at:

**SWEAT-SHIRT OFFER,
OINK! CLUB,
99, CHURCH STREET,
TEWKESBURY,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
GL20 5RS.**

PRICES

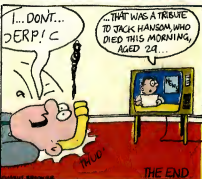
Adults: £14.99 (£13.99 for Pig Pack members)
Children: £10.99 (£9.99 for Pig Pack members)

* SEND
POSTAL
ORDERS
IF YOU WANT
EXTRA FAST
DELIVERY!

Name	_____
Address	_____
Number of shirts required	_____
Childrens	Adults
State chest size -	_____
Childrens 28" or 32"	_____
Adults 36" 40" or 44"	_____
State if Pig Pack member (Yes or No)	_____
If yes, state membership number	_____
State whether cheque or postal order	_____
Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to 'The Oink! Club'.	_____
Amount enclosed	_____

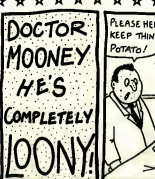
Unile Piggy regrets that this offer is not available to readers in Eire and overseas.

THE SWINELIGHT ZONE



D.J. Dudley Dull

BY DAVID LEACH AND MARK BURTON 23



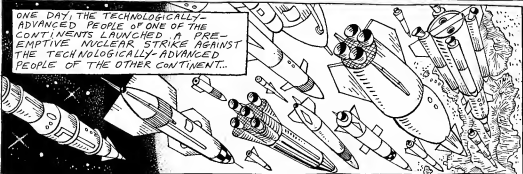
BURP!

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A PLANET...

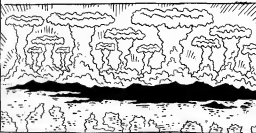
THIS PLANET HAD BUT TWO CONTINENTS UPON ITS FACE, SURROUNDED BY A VAST OCEAN...



ONE DAY, THE TECHNOLOGICALLY-ADVANCED PEOPLE OF ONE OF THE CONTINENTS LAUNCHED A PRE-EMPTIVE NUCLEAR STRIKE AGAINST THE TECHNOLOGICALLY-ADVANCED PEOPLE OF THE OTHER CONTINENT...



THE ENTIRE CONTINENT (ALONG WITH ITS POPULACE) WAS DEVASTATED, AND THE WHOLE PLANET WAS ENVELOPED IN A VAST CLOUD OF DIRT AND FALL-OUT...



JUST AS THE PEOPLE OF THE STRICKEN PLANET HAD ALWAYS PREDICTED IT WOULD, SHOULD THERE EVER BE NUCLEAR CONFLICT...



AND THE PLANET WAS DARKENED FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS...



UNABLE TO SEE, THE INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET, COMMUNICATED BY TELEPATHY, SHOWING EACH NEW GENERATION WHAT A FLOWER LOOKED LIKE OR WHAT PURPLE WAS...



BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THESE THINGS TO GET LOST IN THE MISTS OF TIME AND SOON THESE MIND-READERS WERE ONLY SEEING BLIND DARKNESS IN EACH OTHERS THOUGHTS. BLACK EMPTINESS MIMICRED DARK IGNORANCE AS THE OLD SECRETS WERE LOST...

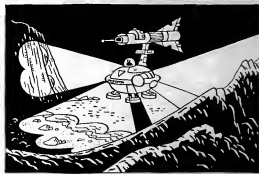
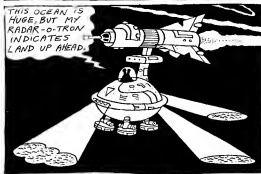


THEN ONE DAY, BURP THE UNFRAGRANT ALIEN FOUND THE PREVIOUSLY UNDISCOVERED PLANETARY ORB...

HOW INTERESTING - A BLACK PLANET - I MUST MAKE A MAP OF IT!



THIS OCEAN IS HUGE, BUT MY RADAR-D-TRON INDICATES LAND UP AHEAD.



NOW EXTRA-ORDINARY... I CAN SEE DOZENS OF RATHER CURIOUS PAULD SHADON'T LITTLE CREATURES OUT THERE.



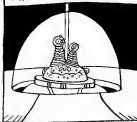
THIS WAS THE OPPORTUNITY THE POOR TELEPATHIC SOULS HAD BEEN WAITING. MANY CENTURIES FOR. THEY READ BURPS ALL-SEEING MIND.



THEY WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, BURP HAD BEEN OVERLY PRE-OCCUPIED WITH A DELICIOUS MEAL HE'D EATEN ON SIRIUS MINOR THAT DAY...

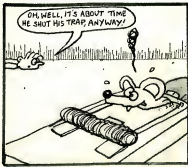


...AND THOUGHTS OF VENUSIAN BILE-LEECHES IN THRAWBOS'S SAUCE ARE NOT THE MOST PLEASANT OF MIND-READING MATTER...

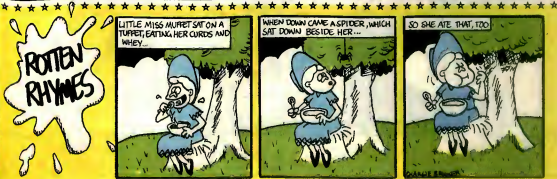
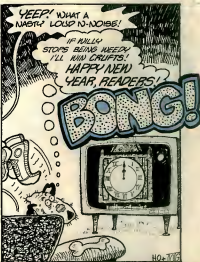


AND THE INHABITANTS OF THE BLACK PLANET WENT QUITE MAD FOR EVERMORE.

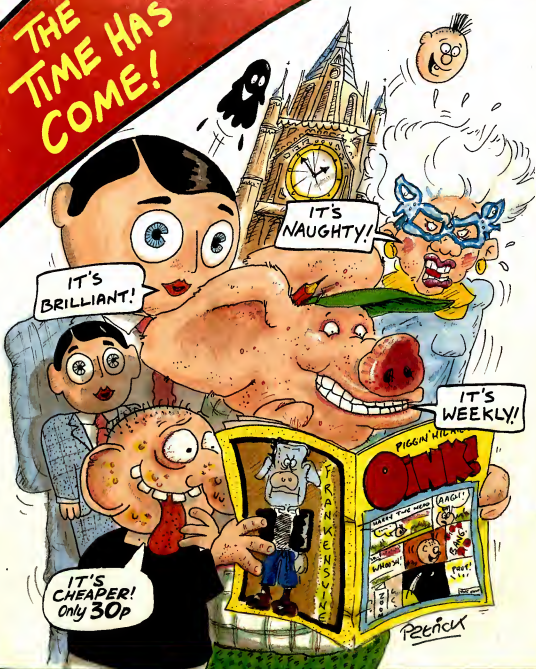




WE WANTED SOMEBODY FAMOUS TO PLAY 'THE SQUEAKALISER', BUT EDWARD WOODWARD WOULDN'T (SAY THAT 6 TIMES FAST!).



THE
TIME HAS
COME!



OINK! ON SALE EVERY WEEK! ISSUE DATED
JAN. 9th